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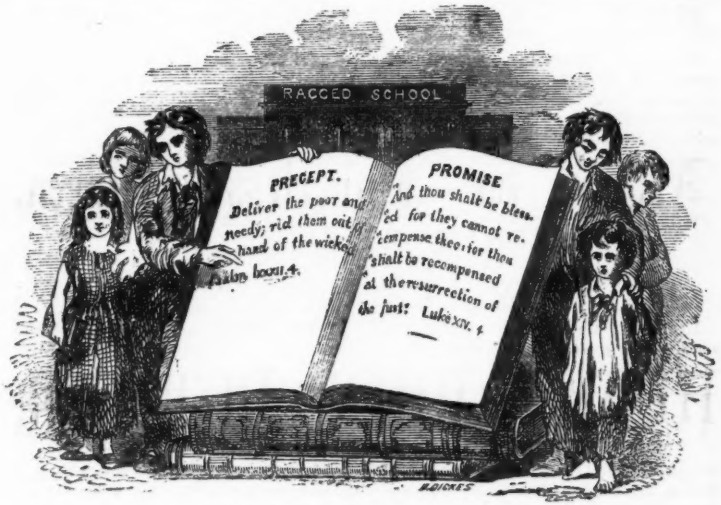
RAGGED SCHOOL
PRECEPT.
Deliver the poor and needy; rid them out of hand of the wicked.
Psalm lxxxii. 4.
PROMISE
And thou shalt be blessed for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just. Luke xiv. 14.

"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 Peter i. 25.

PROFITS DEVOTED TO RAGGED SCHOOLS.

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* * All Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 1, Exeter Hall, London.
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THE

"One Tun" Ragged School,

PERKINS' RENTS,

WESTMINSTER.

The Committee of the "ONE TUN" RAGGED SCHOOL (formerly the notorious "One Tun" Public-house, frequented by thieves and the most desperate characters), are reluctantly compelled to **Appeal** to the benevolent friends of Ragged School work for a **Little Aid** to carry on their present effective labours.

The operations of the Institution comprise **Day, Evening, and Sunday Schools, Mothers' Meeting, Ragged Church, Band of Hope, Penny Bank, Clothing Fund, Lending Library,** and the **Poor Men's Reading Room** (in Duck Lane), with its *Reading, Writing, and Bible Classes, Penny Bank*, &c., &c.

The way in which all these various efforts are appreciated by the poor men, women, and children, in this formerly dangerous locality, and the great change effected amongst them, so particularly noticed by Lord Shaftesbury at the Annual Meeting in June, lead the Committee to believe that their labours will not be crippled for want of funds, but that by the Divine blessing on this Appeal, they will be enabled to clear off the debt, and have a small balance in hand at the close of the year. Fifty Pounds are required.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by A. J. WOODHOUSE, Esq., 1, Hanover Square, W.; RT. RICHARDSON, Esq., 26, Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.; J. BURNHAM, Esq., *Treasurer*, 33, Sloane Square, S.W.; Miss ADELINE COOPER, *Hon. Sec.*, 78, Coleshill Street, Eaton Square, S.W.; and by Mr. J. G. GENT, Ragged School Union, 1, Exeter Hall, Strand, W. C.

RAGGED SCHOOLS,

BUCK'S ROW, WHITECHAPEL.

LAST AND URGENT APPEAL.

These large Schools, providing *accommodation for more than* 500 *Children*, are now finished building.

They will be opened *so soon as the small remaining sum of* £150, still needed in rder to complete everything, and to provide a very small Repairing Fund, is raised.

Contributions, *urgently needed*, will be thankfully received by—

Rev. J. COHEN, Whitechapel Rectory, E., *Chairman.*
Rev. T. SCOTT, London Hospital, E.
Mr. J. M. FRENCH, 24, Whitechapel High Street, E

TO CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPISTS.

THE

SNOWSFIELDS SUNDAY SCHOOL

AND

PREACHING STATION

Has on several occasions been before the public for Assistance in the erection of a suitable Building, which the Committee were able to effect in 1857, but only by raising a mortgage on the freehold, and incurring a debt to the Treasurer. They now once more respectfully appeal to all who are interested in the education and religious improvement of the people to aid them in removing this incubus, and thus place upon a continuous existence an Institution which has already, during fourteen years, been a great blessing to its neighbourhood, to the truth of which large numbers can bear happy and grateful testimony. The payment of interest on the mortgage adds materially to the perpetual expense, so long as the Building remains in debt, and those who are engaged in carrying on the work find it quite enough, in addition to what they already have done, to contribute its working expenses and pay the interest on the debt. It will be satisfactory to donors to know that no increase is made to the Building Fund Debt, and that every shilling contributed is really *extinguishing* a burden.

The operations of the Institution comprise Sunday and Day Schools, Religious Services for the People, Loan Library, Penny Bank, Week Evening Classes for Secular Instruction and Circulation of Pure Literature. The Building is also used, without charge, by the Maze Pond District Domestic Mission, and a Soup Kitchen is attached to the building, which, together with rooms in the Building, is used by the Melior Street Soup Kitchen Committee.

All the services rendered are gratuitous, except the Day School Governess.

The Institution is well known to the Secretaries of the Ragged School Union, and Ragged Church and Chapel Union, by whom subscriptions are kindly received, as also by THOMAS PILLOW, Esq., 16, Water-lane, City, and JAMES FENNINGS, Esq., Fennings' Wharf, London Bridge.

The Debt due at the present time (November, 1862), is £520, and the portion of it due on mortgage is liable to be called in. A copy of the last Report will be gladly forwarded, on application to either of the above mentioned.

OGLE MEWS RAGGED SCHOOL,

Foley Street, St. Marylebone.

ERECTION OF THE NEW SCHOOLS.

SPECIAL APPEAL.

The immediate assistance of friends of Ragged Schools is very urgently and respectfully requested on behalf of the new building, in which many poor and destitute children will be sheltered from the streets and from their dark and miserable homes, and receive instruction which may profit them for time, and by a Gracious Saviour's blessing, for eternity also.

This School was established in Union Mews in 1843, and has now for nearly nineteen years been constantly engaged in Ragged School work. The Foundation Stone of the new building was laid on the 26th of August last, and the works are now in active progress. About £300 are yet required to complete the entire plans.

Contributions will be thankfully received by

The Rev. E. R. EARDLEY-WILMOT, 10, Chandos Street, W.
The Rev. W. CADMAN, 6, Albany Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.
Alderman Sir ROBERT W. CARDEN, 64, Wimpole Street, W.
Mr. J. G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.

The New Schools will, it is hoped, be opened about the middle of November.

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KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

WHAT DISEASES ARE MORE FATAL in their consequences than neglected Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, or Lungular Affections? The first and best remedy is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

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N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words, "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

VALUABLE TESTIMONIAL.

Byrling, near Malling, Kent.

SIR,—Having suffered with asthma and shortness of breath for the last twenty years, and tried almost everything, but could never get the slightest relief, I was at last recommended to try your Cough Lozenges, and am happy and truly thankful to be able to tell you that before finishing the first shilling box I found great relief. I continued taking them through the winter, and was able to go out any weather. I beg, Sir, that you will accept my humble thanks; I feel that I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the benefit I have derived from your Lozenges.—Yours, FRANCIS EVENDEN.

To Mr. Keating, St. Paul's Churchyard.

J. E. EAREE,

BREAKFAST AND TEA CONTRACTOR,

50, HACKNEY ROAD, NEAR SHOREDITCH CHURCH.

J. E. E. respectfully begs to inform the Clergy, Superintendents of Schools, and others who are in the practice of commemorating their Anniversaries, etc., by Public Breakfasts and Tea Meetings, that he has every requisite for such occasions, comprising Tables, Coppers, and China to any extent, in a superior style, at extremely moderate charges.

J. E. E. tenders his sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have hitherto favoured him with their kind patronage, and hopes by strict attention to ensure a continuance of the same; he also begs most respectfully to solicit the favour of their recommendation.

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References are kindly permitted to be made to the Secretaries of the Ragged School Union and the Temperance League.

Under Royal Patronage.

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Asthma, Consumption, Influenza, Colds, and all Disorders of the Breath, Throat, and Lungs,

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WHICH HAVE A MOST AGREEABLE TASTE.

The particulars of many hundreds of Cures may be had from every agent throughout the Kingdom.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE VOICE.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Jas. Froud, Chemist, Dorchester. 1st October, 1862.—"Others who delight in vocal harmony seldom mix in parties or join public psalmody without taking with them 'Dr. Locock,' as the Wafers are significantly called."

These Wafers give a rapid cure of Asthma, Consumption, Coughs, and all Disorders of the Breath and Lungs.

THEY HAVE A PLEASANT TASTE.

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

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SOLD IN PACKETS BY 2280 AGENTS
The Chief Commissioner of the Sanitary Report, visited the Docks to inspect the PURE TEA imported by HORNIMAN & Co., LONDON, from having on investigation found that many teas in general use are covered by the Chinese with an objectionable powdered colour which is drank when the tea is made. Horniman's Green is a natural dull olive,—not bluish,—the Black is not intensely dark; by importing the leaf uncolorea, the Chinese cannot disguise and pass off as the best, brown flavourless sorts, consequently, Horniman's Pure Tea is strong, delicious, and wholesome. Price 3s. 8d., 4s. 0d. & 4s. 4d. per pound.

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The Committee just now earnestly solicit contributions to enable them to keep all the Homes in full operation during the approaching winter months, for while it is painful at all times to refuse applications from the friendless and fallen, it is much more so when stern freezing blasts sweep the path of the desolate with unrestrained fury.

About 150 new cases have been admitted already this year, and if funds permit, fifty more may be welcomed by the end of December.

£10 is the average cost of each case, therefore a contribution of that amount will open the way for a case.

Subscriptions and donations in aid of this Institution will be thankfully received by

Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., Bankers, 73, Lombard Street, E.C.
Mr. F. NICHOLLS, 14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.
Mr. E. W. THOMAS, Secretary, 200, Euston Road, Euston Square, N.W.

Remittances always acknowledged by return of post.

Papers, Original and Selected.

RAGGED SCHOOL EXTENSION.—NEW ZEALAND.

THE New Zealander may at some distant period turn with much interest to the early records of the discovery of his own country, and with pleasure mark the gradual introduction to it of the necessaries and comforts of life, of the arts and sciences, of philanthropy, and, above all, of that pure Christianity which, based solely upon the word of God, has made peoples of other countries great and influential. The world's history teaches us that those nations who heartily receive the word of God, believe its doctrines and practise its precepts, become more civilized, prosperous, and well-to-do in their circumstances than others. Heathenism and superstition fall before the influence of the Bible. Few, however, comprehend the full meaning of the statement, "God rules the world," not the mere matter of which it is formed, but the hearts and sympathies of all that dwell in it. That rule is beneficent, working out man's *present* as well as his everlasting welfare. Compare two nations, one under the influence of the Gospel of Christ, and the other wholly without it. How great the contrast! In the one case man is found scarce one remove from the condition of the brutes, and in the other he becomes endowed with powers bordering on the miraculous. He guides the lightning's track; he compels electricity to be his messenger, and sends him round the globe with the lightning's speed; he makes an artist of the sunbeam, and steam becomes his servant-of-all-work; he manufactures goods from the rudest material, and then creates immense wealth from his commerce with all nations. And all this indirectly from his possession of the word of God.

Great Britain and New Zealand are the countries we have faintly photographed. What Great Britain was, New Zealand is; and what Great Britain is, New Zealand may become. That New Zealand will fill a large page in the world's history, and hold a potent influence in the councils of nations, is probable. That maturity, however, is in the far distant future, and when reached

it does not follow that its elevation has been obtained by the depression of Great Britain. We sympathize not with the idea that at that future period the New Zealander, when exploring the once renowned England, will, as another Layard, come to discover London's site, and to carry off, after heavy labour and great expense, some of London's relics to enrich the national museum at Auckland. Great as London is in 1862, it bids fair to be proportionately greater in 2362, and it is hoped will be as nobler in all her dealings, sentiments, philanthropy, and missionary effort as she is greater. Of the greatness of the country of which she is the metropolis, other countries will partake, not only of its excess population but of its institutions. No nation can thus improve other countries without at the same time improving itself.

> "'Tis like the gentle rain which falls from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest,
> It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

Great Britain has already done much towards the peopling of America, Australia, and New Zealand, and infusing into the new nations its freedom, its institutions, and its mode of government; and that, too, without impoverishing herself, as may be gathered from the census of last year, by which we learn that the population of England and Wales has in ten years increased by 2,138,615, rising from 17,927,609 in 1851, to 20,066,224 in 1861. Of this increase London's portion is 400,000. These figures are referred to in no vaunting spirit, but simply to illustrate that while benefiting others we ourselves are benefited, and as an incentive for doing to others that we would have them do to us.

In New Zealand there are gentlemen who formerly held seats in the Committee of the London Sunday School Union and also of the London Ragged School Union, and who, when in this country, gave large personal assistance in working out the success that attended both of those central associations, and who, in the land of their adoption, are exerting their powers for introducing plans that they found to work well here, and likely to be equally useful there. We have recently received a communication from our New Zealand correspondent, from which we give the following extracts:—

Auckland, New Zealand,
April 29th, 1862.

DEAR SIR,

I have been instructed by the teachers of the Auckland Ragged Sunday School to write and inform you of the existence of such an institution as the one with which they are connected, with the view of opening up a correspondence, and main-

taining regular communication with you, from which they believe they would derive great benefit. Their principal object in doing so is to obtain practical information with respect to similar institutions at home, and in any of the other colonies in which they may exist; and to receive, as far as possible, the advice and co-operation of the parent institution in London.

In order that you may form some idea of the progress and present state of our school, I will narrate, as briefly as possible, its history from its commencement. It was commenced by two young men, about eighteen months ago, in the vestry of the Independent Chapel, High Street, which was selected because of its proximity to that part of the town in which the poorer classes congregate, and because the use of it was kindly and freely granted for the purpose. The number of the scholars attending the school for the first six or eight months, I believe averaged about a dozen, who were mostly composed of that class of children usually found in a Ragged School. One of the young men shortly afterwards gave up his post, but the remaining one continued to conduct the school, in the same place, for several months longer; and the number of scholars increasing, he deemed it advisable, after due consideration, to write to the Committee of the Mechanics' Institute in this town, soliciting them for the use of the hall attached to their library and reading-rooms, on Sunday afternoons, for the purpose of conducting the school in it, as it, as well as the Independent Chapel, was admirably adapted for this purpose, from its being in the neighbourhood in which the poorer classes reside. The Committee, however, refused to grant the request, but agreed to let it for the purpose on payment of 5s. per week, it being only used once on the Sabbath, and then only for about two hours, and it was at once taken and the school removed to it forthwith. The number of scholars now rapidly increased; several teachers volunteered their services, which were, of course, gladly accepted, and in very many ways the great advantage of the recent change was manifested. Teachers' Meetings were appointed and held. Mr. Alexander Black, the young man who commenced and so actively carried on the school, was elected superintendent; several other office-bearers were appointed, and it was resolved to bring the matter before the public, at a meeting appointed for the purpose, which it was determined to make as attractive as possible without incurring any unnecessary expense, and by making a charge for admission, to which it was proposed to raise some funds to defray the expenses of the school.

* * * * * * * * *

That meeting was highly successful; for besides answering its purpose in making the public aware of the existence of this institution, it also produced sufficient funds to defray all the school expenses up till the present time, leaving a small balance in the treasurer's hands.

The school continues steadily improving, and now the average number of scholars is about seventy. A number of girls having joined it, several lady teachers kindly consented to give their valuable services, and have shown by their regular attendance and uniform patience with the children under their care, how anxious they are to advance the cause. Altogether the whole work has so far been crowned with success, and when discipline and order have been properly established, and a little more experience added, we humbly hope that the Ragged Sunday School will prove of eminent use to the town.

I have been instructed to request that you would kindly forward us copies of your last report, or of any previous reports or pamphlets which would be likely to assist us in obtaining the information we are so desirous of.

* * * * * * * * *

I would again mention the earnest desire of the teachers to maintain regular communication with the Union, and request from you the favour of an early reply to this,

trusting that it will convey that expression of sympathy and approval which would prove so encouraging to them, as well as that practical information which would, they believe, with God's blessing, so materially contribute to the welfare of the school.

* * * * * * * * *

I have nothing else to add, except the sincere good wishes of all connected with our school for the welfare of the Ragged School Union; and trusting that all its efforts, especially those in the vast metropolis, may be always attended with God's blessing, and that he may be pleased to grant them much fruit,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD H. HASLETT,
Secretary, Auckland Ragged School.

To the Secretary of the Ragged School Union, London.

The meeting to which our correspondent refers was held at the close of last year in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Auckland. Mr. Thomas Macfarlane presided, and after prayer by the Rev. T. Buddle, addressed the meeting, and said—

That when he left the old country with its over-crowded dwellings, its ill-paid labour, misery, and crime, he thought he was leaving these behind him, and that he would find the children of the lower classes here in the enjoyment, if not of the comforts, at least of the necessaries of life. But he had not been long here before he was undeceived, and found that even here, where labour was both abundant and properly remunerated, there were children whose parents had neglected them, and left them (as far as they were concerned) to die of starvation. From previous experience of such matters, he knew that the police records would tell a tale of woe, and he waited on the Superintendent to request information on the subject. In a short time a list, prepared by our excellent Police Commissioner, was placed in his hands, naming upwards of sixty children, entirely neglected by those bound to protect them, some of whose parents were in gaol for larceny, some deserted by both parents, some sick, fathers leaving a drunken mother to care, some others whose parents were keeping indecent houses, and of course leading bad lives. And, probably, this list did not tell a fourth of the tale of woe. On discovering the state of matters here, he made up his mind what was to be done, and that was to become a father to all these poor children. At home they had fought a hard battle to overcome the vice and ignorance too prevalent there, but they had wrought in faith, and in several instances had cleared the streets of every ragged child, and the gaols of every juvenile criminal. In Auckland the work would be comparatively easy. The children were few, might be all received at once into school, and the evil checked in the bud. And thus, with proper surveillance and God's blessing, they would have no more poor children in Auckland neglected and uneducated. His Excellency the Governor and the Superintendent approved of and would support the scheme, and, he was happy to say, that ere long they would have in Auckland a suitable school for the reception of every child whose parents were unable to provide for it. He had also called on several other parties it regard to this matter, and he had no difficulty in finding plenty of men of like mind with himself, and who would kindly co-operate in the good cause. A committee of management, representing all the Christian bodies in this place, and one that he believed would meet with universal approval, would soon be constituted. They were especially anxious to secure the sympathies of the mothers of Auckland, and with that view they

would be asked to take part in the superintendence of the school; to see that the children were properly clothed and fed, and kept in a state of cleanliness. They thus hoped to secure the cordial support of all the people of Auckland. Whilst making inquiries, he heard that there was a Sabbath School for this class of children in operation, which he had visited. On the first occasion, he found Mr. Black, assisted by two other teachers, engaged in the effort to teach nearly fifty children, most of whom could not read at all, and some who did not know the alphabet. Mr. Black is a young man of whom it was impossible to speak too highly; he had addressed himself with a warm heart to a task from which most men would have shrunk. The teachers were obviously too few for so many scholars, and on his first visit to the school their conduct was most uproarious. He visited it again a few weeks after, and found more teachers at work, and amongst these two ladies; the school had been divided into small classes, and was therefore more under command. The Sabbath School was still to go on, the new Day School which it was proposed to establish would take up the work of week-day instruction, and thereby allow Mr. Black and his assistants to devote all their time to religious instruction. The Institution he proposed would not be antagonistic to the Sabbath School, but one would assist the other. At home, the children were received at school in the morning, and had their breakfast and dinner there. When they arrived, their rags were taken off and hung up at one end of a hall, their clean clothes being ready at the other end, with a great shower bath between, through which the children had to pass, and afterwards they were dried and clothed and sent to the school-room. Before sending them home at night, the clean clothes were taken off them, to prevent their being pawned by the parents. On this plan the children soon acquired a great distaste for their rags, and desired to be kept in the school.

Mr. Alexander Black, the gentleman referred to in our correspondent's letter, and by the Chairman in his address, being present at the meeting, he was requested to give a short statement of what he had been doing for the neglected children in Auckland. He responded to the call, and said that on the second Sunday in 1861—

They made their first afternoon's work. Himself, with another, went about the streets, their pockets filled with little books, and laid hold of every boy whose appearance indicated that he was the son of poor parents. After asking him about his parents, &c., they asked whether he did not go to a Sunday School, but the answer was always "No;" and why? "Because I have got no clothes to wear." And why did not he go as he was? "Because they won't take me in." They were then asked if they would go to a school of all boys like them; and being willing, were told to meet them on the next Sunday at the vestry of the Independent Chapel; and there they had their first meeting, during which they could do nothing but hear what the scholars had to say, and make them sing a hymn: lustily did they sing, especially the hymn, "Oh! that will be joyful." In three or four Sundays they had an average attendance of ten, three months ago they had an average of twenty, and finding a larger room necessary they engaged the Mechanics' Institute room for Sunday afternoons at 5s. a week. With the assistance of several gentlemen the school now amounted to sixty. On the day Mr. Macfarlane first visited the school, there were thirty-seven scholars and only three teachers, and it was impossible to keep order. They had many difficulties to overcome at first, amongst which was the obstinacy of the boys, who often per-

sisted in saying the opposite to what they were wanted to say; and another great difficulty was to keep them in school the whole time. He had seen most of the parents, some of whom were Roman Catholics, and they were all desirous that their children should go to the school. Up to the present time the entire expense had been borne by the teachers. A gentleman who had visited the school the other day had given two guineas towards the expenses, and he hoped his example would be followed by others. They would be thankful for the smallest contribution, and would be glad to see any one who wished to visit the school. He was glad to take this opportunity to publicly acknowledge the liberal grant made by the Committee of the Bible Society of two dozen Testaments. Next week it was proposed to give the children a treat, and they would be glad of assistance in this as well as in teaching the school, if any one was desirous to undertake the work, and felt themselves competent. It was a work that required a great deal of tact and perseverance. One must speak all the afternoon, for as soon as he ceased the children were in an uproar. Sometimes he had so to exert himself that he was obliged to lie down after it.

After Mr. Black had given his experience and made his appeal for help, Mr. Joseph Newman came forward and said—

He was much pleased when he found that such a school as Mr. Black's was in existence here, and it immediately excited his sympathies. He visited the school last Sabbath day, and his impression was that the classes were as orderly as many a Sabbath School that had been years in existence. No doubt the children showed a little fun and were fond of tricks, but he liked them none the worse for that, rather the better, and he was sure the names of some of these scholars would be heard of in future days. God was constantly raising up from this class men who were most efficient in their spheres of usefulness, because they knew what was running in the minds of their class, and could appeal to them with a success and power which no other could equal. People's sympathies could hardly fail to be excited in favour of this class of the population. Here was a most touching list prepared by the Commissioner of Police, containing the names of above sixty poor children, destitute of any proper means of support or instruction worthy of the name. He was sure they would not plead in vain on behalf of these poor outcast children; the meeting to-night was a guarantee that the people of Auckland would not be backward with their sympathy and support at the proper time. If they felt any lack of sympathy let them look at Christ; his religion was one of benevolence, and they would be without Christianity if they did not sustain such institutions as those now proposed. The manner in which they were conducted in England was very varied, according to the different requirements of different places. Field Lane Ragged School in London was peculiarly adapted for the class of vagrants met with in the streets of that city. At a certain hour in the evening the doors were besieged by vagrant boys and girls, because they could there get lodgings for nothing; and as soon as the door was opened, a rush was made till as many were in as could be accommodated (about 250), when the rest were shut out. After their washing, they had instruction in the evening, and they soon became very orderly, because they knew that if they were disorderly one evening, they would be shut out the next. The numbers rescued by means of this school was most cheering and encouraging. The Bloomsbury Ragged School was an industrial school, something like what was desired here. About 120 boarders were taken from the worst boys to be found in the streets of London (by which plan gangs were often broken up on losing their ringleaders), and the

magistrates often sent boys there in preference to sending them to gaol. After years of labour, the last two years had been at the crowning point of success. He was sorry their worthy Chairman had not said more about Dr. Guthrie's Ragged School at Edinburgh, and trusted that some evening he would give them a full description of it. Every one should read "Guthrie's Plea for Ragged Schools:" they would be both interested and convinced as they went along. A worldling after reading it must resolve to support Ragged Schools, for it was so clearly shown that the expense of educating the children in this way was less than they would eventually cost if left to themselves. On the one side were so many boys in prison, transported and coming to the gallows; on the other side so many boys rescued, and ornaments to society. Any one, after reading this work, could not but come to the conclusion to go heart and hand with Dr. Guthrie and his Ragged Schools. Mr. Newman then read two or three extracts from the work referred to, and concluded, trusting that both the Sabbath School and the contemplated Ragged Institution, would meet with the cordial and abundant support which they so well deserved.

The Ragged School movement in Auckland has attracted the attention of the press as well as the public. The *New Zealander*, in its issue of January 1, 1862, gives a leader on the subject, and after referring to the police statement of the destitute orphans of Auckland, and the need for Christian enterprize to meet their necessities and to nip crime in its bud, goes on to say that—

"Gaols and reformatories of the old world would be now comparatively empty—crime would never have reached the fearful height it has, nor spread so widely in the crowded cities of Europe, could the institution of Ragged Schools have struck at the root of the evil in its early growth, and had society but acknowledged the duties which it owed to its poorer members—recollecting that the rich are but the stewards of the wealth they hold, as it were, in trust. We have our amusements and intellectual enjoyments, and we should consider ourselves but indifferent citizens did we neglect to support them in a free and liberal spirit; but the organization and maintenance of an institution of this nature has a far more imperative claim upon us. Its neglect would be more than blame-worthy—it would be actually criminal. Nor would it be otherwise impolitic in the highest degree. We speak less to those contemplating a mere temporary sojourn amongst us, than to those who look upon New Zealand as their home, and as the future home of their children and their children's children. To them, indeed, it is no small matter that this insipient plague-spot on society, which has leavened for evil the mass of the populations in the old countries, should be allowed to fester and grow in corruption until in future time it works the same foul evil here. It is in our power to arrest the evil in its earliest stage, while we are in a position to fairly grapple with it, and it is with no small pleasure that we are able to state, that so urgent has appeared this necessity to some of our fellow-citizens, that there is every hope that the matter will be taken in hand in a thoroughly efficient manner. A gentleman (whose experience in connection with Ragged Schools at home is extensive), and others amongst us, to their honour be it said, are even now prepared to organize such an institution, and steps will shortly be taken for the purpose of establishing a *daily* Ragged School.

"It is one thing, however praiseworthy, to come forward before the public and agitate a good and noble cause, and to draw one's purse-strings and contribute, it may be our fifty pounds, it may be our five shillings, according as our circumstances will

admit. It is another thing to work unnoticed and unseen, striving almost against hope, upheld by nothing but a strong sense of duty and a fervent wish to follow in the steps of our great Master, labouring at a tedious, and in some points of view, to many minds, even a repulsive task. The one is deserving that respect which, when undertaken in singleness of purpose, it never fails to command, the other passes beyond the praise of men, enlisting the warmest sympathies of our nature.

"That we have in this our city young men who have not waited until called upon, but have voluntarily sought out and undertaken the noble work which they have initiated, is a fact of which we as a community may well feel proud, and to the furtherance of which we are bound to bring whatever means we can.

"Few amongst us until within the last week or two, except perhaps those who by their ordinary avocations or public position had been brought into immediate contact with them, have known how much some suitable provision was needed for the mental as well as bodily necessities of their poorer fellow-citizens. It is true, that in this country all who are willing to work can find abundant labour and well paid employment. Mendicancy dare not stare us in the face in our public streets, and so we had almost persuaded ourselves into the belief that destitution, such as we now know to prevail, had no existence here. Not only does it now exist, however, but from a reference to the causes, as shown in the statistical account of the destitute poor furnished by our police authorities, we very much fear that it will continue to increase, so long as we find it, as a people, convenient to place temptation in the way of weakness, and offer every facility to those who are willing to pay—in the form of duties upon ardent spirits—the greater portion of the expenses of governing the country—albeit by so doing they incur loss of health, money, and reputation, and too frequently leave their families to starve, or prey upon society. Possibly could we be content to raise our revenue from other sources than the sale of intoxicating drinks, and remembering that crime and punishment both grow upon the same stem, recognise the folly of expecting to gather figs from thorns or grapes from thistles, the necessity for Ragged Schools might vanish with the rags themselves. Possibly, to strike at the root of the evil would be the surest and most effectual remedy, but, unfortunately, so long as the working man continues to hold his nose to the grindstone, so long does the temptation of present gain, in turning the handle, remain too great for the rich man to resist—of present gain—for if (and we can scarcely question the evidence of every statistical return) drink is found to be the parent of crime, and crime of destitution, how costly an interest do we pay for the temporary accommodation!

"Let those whom no sense of moral responsibility, but only the prospect of gain, can enlist in forwarding the good work before us, read the very interesting account given by Dickens of the cost to the public in the loss occasioned by the destruction of property, and the amount of plunder necessary for the subsistence of only one of these Arabs of society for a single year, and even they must acknowledge the utility if not the justice of the cause."

ANOTHER OF LIFE'S BYE-WAYS, AND WHAT I FOUND THERE.

(*Continued from page* 231.)

"When I reached home Polly was standing at the head of the street; on seeing me she rushed up and laid her hand on my shoulder, exclaiming, 'Zucci! wherever have you been? There's smoke in the house everywhere but in the chimney; you've lit a regular flamer in all corners of it. I could light my morning fire with the handle of the pump in the wash-house even. Missis is rambling all over the place anyhow, jest as if her head was in a

bag. There's a chair tumbling here, a jug there, and sure you could light your bed-room candle at any one of her eyes. Sometimes she swears, at other times she runs over all her doings for you—missing out the bad uns. Yes, Zuc, if I mistake not, she was once praying for you. La! missis is up to something when SHE comes the length of praying; she sometimes cries out, "He's drowned." Here Murray strikes in, and cries, "Drowned, yes, he's drowned—become a drop in the ocean of London prigs." Missis replied in words that cut like knives; they came hot and sharp right off the point of her tongue; all of 'em cut him into the bone, I know, from the faces he makes, but he says nothing. Then he blows her up for not putting the butter thick enough on; then she blows him down with regular hard uns, from the very pit of her stomach. La! then it all ends in "What shall we say to Footy and his wife about their kid?" Now, Zuc, if you havn't brass enough in your face, melt all your buttons, and stick it on over all your soft places. I'll bolt and say you're coming, as tired as a coster's donkey from the fair: game to the heel, now, Zuc.' After uttering the above speech, as fast as her tongue could move, and in a most excited manner, she disappeared. I followed her. On entering, such a scene! Missis choking with rage, fell to howling at me; master walked up and down like a stage king, spoke as slowly as if in the murder scene of a play, stared at me, pointed with his finger, enumerated all he had done for me, and finished by saying, "Now, my little bit of floating capital, repeat this again, and I'll walk you to the door that will form the last passage in the piece: explain yourself; account for your conduct."

"I simply replied, I had strayed too far before I was aware of it, and told him where I had been. He smiled mockingly; missis groaned out, 'Tell that to the marines;' and Poll finished up by saying, 'La! missis, I always told you the young un had a bee in his cap.' In my inmost soul, where no ear heard me, I sung, 'There's a good time coming,' Zuc, 'just wait a little longer.' I took some supper, and disappeared up-stairs for the night.

"After the storm had blown over, and everything had found its right place again, I had no cause to regret it. It seemed to teach them I was not to be dealt with as a thing, but as a human being; or if not, I was a thing with a human soul in it—at least a heart with some feelings in it. I received more consideration from all parties; occasionally, now, I would hear of my parents, and sometimes a present from them would reach me.

"The autumn quarter was approaching, or, in their language, the 'season' was at hand; sundry additions were made to the furniture, all the bed clothes were washed, the parlour, or rather the 'condemned cell,' was repapered, the mattresses well switched and aired, coals for the winter were laid in, the whole establishment underwent a complete change—at least on the surface. One day I got orders to turn out all the dresses, foils, wigs, and masks: repairing, burnishing, combing, and colouring, were the duties laid to every hand in the place. Poll used to call it 'Murray's hay season.' 'If anything go wrong now,' she would say, 'we will require opera glasses to count the plums in the pudding, and there will be so little "skyey" in the bottle, that missis will fall to pieces with the dry rot; and if we be not as busy as fleas in an Irishman's collar, we will have to hang like bats in a chimney all winter.' She herself went tearing through her work as if she were mad,

making the house ring with an Irish 'rattler;' or if the task on hand was of a quiet nature, she would sweeten it by gently singing one of her tenderest 'weepers,' and very rarely, but sometimes it would happen, an incident would send her thoughts back to her stay at the Reformatory, and we would on such occasions get a snatch of a 'heavenly,' by way of a change. I never shall forget one such occasion. The work on hand was of a quiet nature; the whole house was present. Poll burst forth in the following verse, her eyes shining, her hands resting on her knees, and her countenance full in the sun:—

'What am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestowed
On ME, the vilest reptile ME!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.'

We all became quiet; every one somehow was awed, and none of us more so than missis; she reminded me of a child who hears a peal of thunder, and hides its head in its mother's breast, remaining quiet till it's over, then looking up with caution and by degrees. Master's teeth and lips seemed glued together. Poor Poll began again with her little brush to polish her buckles and little brass ornaments as if nothing had happened. Murray and Mother knew enough of God to torment them when they dared to think. Of Polly's feelings, except on occasions like these, concerning divine things, I could never make anything; her natural element seemed to be working, singing, joking, raising storms of laughter by her quaint old world-sayings, and doing little kind things quietly. She had power, Polly. Power over us all; none of us cared for rousing her, or making her our enemy. Even missis, when angry with her, would not rashly trample on her toes, and sometimes swallowed her anger, only saying under her breath she was a 'necessary evil—a she devil.' When they did quarrel it was awful.

"As the 'season' drew nearer, master had a good many visitors, principally on business. Among them were ballet girls not a few, arranging with him for instruction in their art in prospect of the winter. Oh, sir, the miseries of these poor women! Their scanty clothing, little money, and personal sufferings! God, their own souls, and such men as Murray, only know the price they pay to be allowed to pick up their crust off the boards. Ill paid, ill fed, ill clad, and ill used, is every one of them. If gentlefolks only knew what one night's amusement, which only costs them a few shillings, costs these 'white slaves,' it would turn their hair grey; theirs truly is a dance of death; yet they become accustomed to it, seldom leave it till they die off or are ruined.

"By degrees I was fully instructed in all the mysteries of stage-dancing; and by degrees, slow and sure, Murray gave me the full benefit of the iron breeches, which, after sundry applications and much pain, imparted an astonishing suppleness to my limbs. In a short time I was earning bread and praise for myself, and money for master.

"I will not tax your patience nor longer disgust your heart by telling you *all* I have witnessed behind the scenes or in the green-room. But, sir, allow

me to give you *some idea* of what I've passed through in this respect; it will give completeness to my simple story, and give you some idea of what Christ has had to do for me till I stood before you living in body and believing in soul.

"The great day—the very greatest day of my existence had come: so I was informed one morning at breakfast. I was to appear before a London audience, and prove to the Murrays for what God had made me—they being the sole judges. Such was the substance of the conversation at the breakfast-table on the morning of that day on the evening of which I was to appear in the play of 'The Lost Child.'

"For days before I had been nearly danced and fiddle-bowed to death. Every possible attitude into which the human body can be put, short of being taken to pieces, and the life poured out, I had been in. During the same period I was flattered, frightened, and cursed, in all the syllables of play poetry; and finally, Mrs. Murray prepared for my evening's work that very morning by the following speech:—'That if I failed the gas would be sucked out of the brackets, the fire put out on the hearth; nay, my failure would take the bread out of their mouths, and scatter them paupers over the face of the earth.'

"The part assigned to me in the evening performance was one of dumb show—simply dancing. Only one speech fell to my lot, and it was one line in length; but the preparations as to the style and mode of delivery were weeks long, and accompanied by many a shirt-full of sore bones. At length the hour arrived, and Murray, Mother, and I started in a cab for the scene of trial, and were put down at a large house, and entered it by a small wicket, bearing the inscription, 'Stage door.' Trembling, and almost delirious with excitement, we descended to the 'green-room.' Before us were two sets of small doors, painted green and white, ranging three on each side of a larger door leading to the stage. One set of doors admitted the ladies to their dressing apartments, and the others the gentlemen to theirs. Each apartment was square and well supplied with everything necessary for the toilet. In front of these doors was an open space under the stage, and over it were dispersed in groups the actors, actresses, and ballet girls of the establishment. Oh, what a scene! garish and exciting in the eyes of a poor soul who now witnessed it on a large scale for the first time. Men and women, arrayed in all sorts of costume, were distributed in knots all over the open space; a merry song rising and floating over the heads of one group, betting and wagering in a second cluster, and a third group sweltering, tugging, and pulling at each other, in a game of 'halfpenny scramble;' in a third, measuring stature and limbs, they that excelled paying or being paid, and the money thus collected to be 'melted' in strong drink the first opportunity. Here and there, stray individuals might be met, like ghosts, sitting in corners, filled with anger or strong drink, or something which rendered them of a different communion from all that was moving around them; another, all alone, pacing backward and forward, reciting his part, and striking at his shadow with his cane for lack of other foe; and yet another, deep in shade and all alone, too, fighting with the sorrows of his heart, arising from some muddled love story, or, more likely, from sweet remembrance of a narrow escape from some adroit creditor, who very nearly saved our friend the trouble of appearing on the

boards for the evening. A variety was lent to the scene by a row between two girls, or a tongue to tongue grapple between the enraged manager and a rebel actor, or the vulture-like movements of a sprinkling of fast young men, swaggering, swearing, and courting, freely spending money they had never earned. Add to the whole, Mother Murray gliding in every direction, the familiar of all, her eyes lost in smiles; her foot and hand speaking louder than many tongues, and her breath indicating the presence of 'skyey' influences. One other element, and the picture is complete. Far aloft, as of a sea in trouble, might be heard the noise of that dreadful creature the 'public,' waiting to be amused and gulled, with very bad grace and no patience.

"I was now arrayed in black velvet and spangles, to represent the 'long lost child.' This I could have done without velvet or tinsel—I was lost in reality. All around me yawned one vast gulf of corruption, and in any direction I could turn no friendly hand appeared with help. At last a bell was rung, and the whole mass moved up-stairs to the stage, each finding a place among the scenery. The friends, fast and slow, settled down on chairs, or what accommodation they could find. Bell the second rings, up rises the curtain, and Murray and I appear before a mansion on the edge of a wood, amid the thunder of the gallery. I was dressed like a simple youth on a holiday from school; he was habited like a villain. The scene was opened by an attempt on his part to allure me from home. For a moment the sea of human faces, and the noise of its billows, stunned me. Murray was prepared for it; a murmured oath and the promise of the fiddle-bow removed it. Out of sight from the audience, full in view of all the stage, stood Mrs. Murray, with her clenched fist, her eye full on me, the very picture of wrath—no, sir, anger turned into a woman. I was at last put in motion by the music, and performed my part with applause. On retiring behind the scenes all praised me, Mother Murray excepted. I now felt at ease for the rest of the night.

"But, sir, what a farce is the stage as a teacher of morals! A grand mistake. Here is my first night's experience behind the scenes on a grand scale. The part played by one man—that of a monkey—struck me much; disguised as one of these animals, he leaped and frisked about among the painted trees of the painted wood, to the intense delight of the whole audience; it laughed as if it had been one immense face; his part was done to perfection. Follow this man-monkey off the stage, where there is NO paint, and where everything IS what it seems. He is leaning his head against a post, smiting his breast, almost weeping. Thoughts of his home, for it is desolate; of his wife, for she is bad; and of his own way of life, for it is corrupt, one evil deed. These things, when they meet in his memory, often unman him, I was told, as they were doing that night. But his part comes round again, and he must gambol—almost fly—before the common eye—his crust depends upon it. Oh, what a sham that man tumbling about there is, with remorse and sorrow, a statue of lead, behind the curtain! before it, light, a trifle, light as air, otherwise no crust. For a heart as light as a monkey's he would give all the world. In that piece everything was real but—its truthfulness. Its trees and fruits were lies, for they were painted; every man and woman in it was a lie—a human lie; they were *everything* but what they seemed. The bereaved parents of this same piece—an actor and his wife—had to be separated by the manager, and prevented blackening one another's eyes imme-

diately before they appeared: that's their life among the pullies. Let us follow them to the boards. There they are, bemoaning their loss among the painted trees of a desolate island, professing the deepest attachment to each other, she embracing him with an arm yet aching from the blows of that hand; the very hand held aloft to the painted heavens, its owner meanwhile vowing it never had been, and never would be, employed but in the holy offices of protecting and administering to her comfort. In the same scene Murray and I were in a huge box under a mock tree; under its lid he was blowing me up, almost striking me, for some little blunder I had made. Above the lid of this same box sat the man-monkey, a martyr to heart pain; and the piece closes by the whole party, monkey and all, moving off in a boat, singing praise for the recovery of the 'lost child' in hymns they did not feel, to a God they did not know.

"The stage a moral teacher! Almost everything about it is false, as far as I know it—its sinfulness excepted. Such was my first night in a real play, before a large audience, in a big house. That night an actress was seized with cholera. In a few moments the whole house was alarmed, as she rolled on the floor with violent cramps, cold as lead, and pale as death. The doctor was called in, and pronounced the case fatal. No hope! What a spectacle! The silence was only broken at intervals by a whispered extract from the death scene of some play; if a joke did arise it was hideous, for it wore grave clothes. The Bible, where was it? Neither in the pockets, on the lips, or in the hearts of any mourner in that house. The act of God that laid that fallen woman in her shroud, entered not among their thoughts. The blessed Jesus and his redemption was a shadow as unreal as any shadow in their own Christmas fairy land. By the time I retired to rest, I left some snoring, others winking from strong drink, simply silent because they could not help it; those with whom the blessing of speech remained were rehearsing the follies and larks of her who not long before that midnight hour had rehearsed them in another place and to a different audience.

"This event made me heartily sick of an actor's life, although three years of it had come and gone. This death-bed led to the emancipation of myself, body and soul: it brought my father on the scene.

(To be concluded in our next.)

COST OF CRIME AND TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

Mr. S. T. Day, in his work on "Juvenile Crime," says that "The amount annually abstracted by criminals from the community cannot, of course, be ascertained; but it must, nevertheless, be truly enormous. According to the lowest computation, about 105,000 actual criminals are alleged to be in the country; 20,000 of whom are constantly in prison, leaving the remaining 85,000 felons at large, who manage to live and maintain numerous dependents upon the proceeds of their depredations. Now, supposing that the average gains of these 85,000 thieves amount to 5s. per day each, or £1 15s. per week—assuredly not a high or unreasonable estimate—it would give the

alarming sum of £21,250 a-day, £148,750 a-week, or £7,735,000 a-year, as a tax, either stealthily or forcibly, levied by the evil-disposed upon the well-disposed portion of the community."

Mr. A. Thomson, in his interesting and valuable volume, "Punishment and Prevention," says: "Allowing to each criminal a career of five or six years, there must be an annual supply of 20,000 to 25,000 young criminals coming forward to keep up, without increasing, this formidable array; and it is to *them* that our endeavours must henceforward be principally directed. It is very clear that so numerous a body of criminals, steadily pursuing their vocations and thereby maintaining themselves, must inflict no small amount of suffering on the community. Many persons are ready to put away the subject, as not personally interested in it; if urchins will steal, let them be punished, and no more about it. This is truly a strict policy. Society may shut its eyes, and try to forget criminals; but they will not cease to pursue and torment society so long as they exist."

Mr. Thomson asks, "What tax do the 105,000 criminals levy on the country?" and then proceeds to answer by estimating that "each criminal levies on the public, say only £50 a-year, then their annual pension amounts to £5,250,000. This is an alarming sum, but it is probably far within the mark; it is equal to a poll-tax of four shillings on each man, woman, and child in Great Britain."

But Mr. Clay, in his Preston Report for 1850, gives distinct cases of individuals earning (rather stealing) their £300, £400, and £500 a-year regularly for a series of years. One man, in twenty years, made £8,000; and a woman, in two years and a-half, made £1,550.

In the criminal return of Liverpool, it was estimated that the annual amount of property stolen in that town, and *for which apprehensions were made*, amounted to £46,784. Large sums were lost for which there were no apprehensions, which increased the total to £700,000. The criminal return for London shows the aggregate loss by theft in the metropolis to be annually £53,193, for which apprehensions were made. These sums do not in any way include the cost of apprehension, trial, and punishment of criminals, which in some cases is extremely heavy. The total cost for prosecuting the Rugeley poisoning case was £7,532. The Dove poisoning case cost £1,176. The least expensive trials are those at the Westminster Sessions, where the average cost is £2 3s. 10d. each case; Bristol City Session, £4 16s. 6d.; the Central Criminal Court, £5 3s.; and Birmingham Borough Session, £6 0s. 10d. To all this is to be added the cost of erecting prisons; three only of which cost £635,000, viz.: Pentonville, £85,000; Millbank, £500,000; and Reading, £50,000. Then must be added the maintenance of these buildings, and those in them; eight only of which cost the country annually £225,000. We could go on still further, by calling attention to the cost of the police force, transportation of convicts, penal settlements, and emigration of the wives and families of expatriated convicts; and then crime adds to the number of paupers, for Rev J. Kingsmill ascertained that in one year 1,586 children were in workhouses, belonging to the convicts then in Pentonville Prison.

The *object of punishment* is to *deter from crime*, by the infliction of suffering; the *object* of *prison discipline* is to *reform the offender*. "But it is *absurd*," says the author of "Prevention and Punishment," "to go on

from year to year spending large sums of money in vain attempts to *deter by punishment*, or to reform by prison discipline, if we be persuaded that we can *prevent, by early care*, with much less trouble and at much less cost."

THE SUFFERINGS OF AN ORPHAN.

JOHN DOOLEY was born in Ireland. His father was a farmer; he died when John was only nine months old, and, as he says, never knew his father. After the father's death the mother kept on the farm for some time, but finding that she could not manage it properly, she gave it up and lived entirely by the little she had, and an occasional day's work. About eight months ago, however, the mother caught cold, which resulted in fever, of which she died.

The poor boy was thus left an orphan. The little that his mother had of furniture was got rid of, it can scarcely be said to have been sold. One neighbour gave him a few pence for one thing, and another a few pence more for another, until, he says, "all was out of the room." He had no earthly friend to help him. He wandered about different parts of Ireland trying to get work, but to no effect. At last the thought occurred, If I could get to sea! He went to various sea-ports, but no one would assist him. At last some one suggested that if he could get to London he might get a ship, but how to get over there was the next difficulty. He begged hard for a little money, but no one gave him any except a poor man, who gave him one penny. Begging failing, he decided to see one of the captains of the boats plying between Dublin and London. He saw one, to whom he told his sad tale, and the object he had in view. The captain informed him that he might "work his passage over in his ship, if he liked;" an offer which he most gladly accepted. On leaving the ship with a few pence given him he soon found himself on London Bridge, and, going along, he met a sailor. This, thought he, is the very person I want, and asked him if he could tell him how he might get into the navy, and where was the best place to go to. "To Southampton," replied the son of Neptune. "And where may that be," said John. "Oh, it is a very long way, but if you can only get there I am sure you will get taken on." "Yes, but which side of the road do I take for it." The sailor gave John the best direction he could, and after giving him a few coppers left him to find out Southampton. From London Bridge John went off in the direction his friend pointed. It would be needless to tell all the little incidents accidental to the journey, but suffice it to say that after several days' begging, walking, sleeping under hedges, &c., he reached Southampton. Hungry, weary, footsore, when he entered Southampton, he asked for the "ship where boys went to." In making his way he met one of the sailor boys belonging to it. John asked him if he thought he could get into the ship. The lad told him that he thought he could, and if he came along with him he would bring him to the captain. John soon found himself on board of her Majesty's ship *Boscawen*, surrounded by boys of his own age, all anxious to know where he came from, when he told them that

he came from Ireland. After a little delay John was introduced to the captain, to whom he told his tale and his wish. The captain seemed interested, and said he would take him. John was overjoyed, but the captain added, "Before I can take you you must first pass the doctor." The doctor examined him as to bodily health: "All right; only a little fattening up wanted." John now made himself sure that he was "all right," but, alas, poor lad, he soon found it was all wrong. The captain had said he would take him if the doctor passed him, and he had nothing more to do than sign the agreement that he was willing to join the service for ten years. He was willing to sign but he could not write, no, he could not tell one letter from another, and the captain told him that he was very sorry indeed for him, but no boy was now received into the service that could not sign his name, and that he must go on shore again; that in the meantime he could remain on board the ship until the jolly-boat went to the shore. John slowly left the captain's cabin and came on deck. It was raining very hard, and he sat in a corner of the deck out of the rain, but finding he was not sheltered sufficiently from the storm he rose to go to another spot. In running along the slippery deck he fell and much hurt his face. Two boys who had seen him crying while in the corner ran forward to help him up. They asked him some particulars, and John related his history, and how he had been rejected, and then sobbed as though his heart would break. One of the two lads so felt for him that he could not help shedding tears. At that moment the captain came up and inquired what they were crying for; one of them, who had been taken from a Ragged School, said he could not help crying for the poor boy; "he had no father, no mother, no home, no friends, and we were also like him, and therefore we feel for him." The captain told them that he felt very much for the poor boy, but he could not take him as he could not write his name. The other lad replied, "I think I could help him if he was in London." "London," replied the officer; "but how is the poor lad to get there? He is more fit to go to his bed than anything else." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the boy, "but I think, with your permission, I can manage it." "How?" "I would make a collection on board ship amongst the boys, and should I be successful in the amount, I will take him to London with me on Tuesday next, on which day I believe you intend to give us a holiday for a fortnight. I would then take him to the King Edward Schools, from whence we joined the ship, and we would ask the chaplain if he could take him. Most likely he would, and then in the course of a little time he would be able to read and write, and then get into the service." "But suppose the chaplain cannot take him?" "Then," replied the boys, "we would take him to the Field Lane Ragged School; we would not see the boy lost." The captain was so pleased with the object of the boys that he immediately gave them permission to make the collection, which he headed with a small contribution, so as to encourage others. The result was that nearly 10s. was collected. Tuesday morning came, and the boys had their leave of absence for the fortnight's holidays. All left the ship together for the train, and amongst them was seen the poor orphan, homeless boy, without a shoe to his foot or a shirt to his back. All arrived safe at London. To the King Edward Schools went the lads with their charge, and told all the particulars. It was found he could not be admitted for a fortnight.

Application was made to admit him for the fortnight into Field Lane, where he slept in the Night Refuge, and was in the Ragged School all day. Those who brought him knew the place, for they had been there before him. The master was much pleased to see his old scholars. On the first day the boy came to school at the usual time. He had a slate given him with his name written for a copy for him to try and imitate. With eagerness the boy sat down to try for the first time in his life to write his name. The different ways he tried to hold his pencil, the various positions he put his slate in, the multitude of times he tried to write, and as often rubbed it out, the involuntary scratching of the head, all indicated a determination to succeed. After an hour's practice he made a very fair attempt of "John," and when he brought his slate with the name written thereon, and had a few encouraging words spoken to him on his success, his eye sparkled with joy. The day arrived at last for John to leave the Ragged School, and he was admitted into the King Edward Schools, where he now is. But previous to going John was able to write his name extremely well, and thus perseverance was rewarded.

The captain of the ship made a handsome present to the two boys for their interest in the poor lad, and we doubt not that in a very short time John Dooley will qualify himself for entering her Majesty's service, none the worse, but all the better, for his previous sufferings and reverses.

WHAT AN OLD SUIT OF CLOTHES HELPED TO DO.

A MISSIONARY met me in the street and informed me he had visited a poor man and his family, that he had not been to church or chapel for twenty years, but kept on working on the Sabbath as well as the six days of the week; that he was a diligent man, not a spendthrift, and if I could get him a coat he thought he would attend divine worship. I told him I would call and see him, which I did. The little children were poorly clad, with little furniture about the house. I spoke to his wife, and informed her I would give her husband the suit of clothes I was just putting off if she would call upon me. She did so, took the clothes, made them to fit her husband, and the next Sunday after he appeared at church. His wife also attended. The word of God reached the hearts of both. There was no more work done on the Sabbath. His old customers railed on him, but he stood firm to his purpose, and lately I saw him, his wife, his married daughter and her husband, all at the Lord's Supper, rejoicing in the change that had come over them. But for the old suit of clothes they might all have been afar off from God, but now the whole family bears a different aspect, and when I called upon them to congratulate them upon the happy change, the wife first, and then the husband, with tears of joy, took me by the hand after I had commended them to God and his grace. I should be most rejoiced to be able to induce any gentleman or any of my brethren in the ministry to get rid of their left-off coats and other garments, and clothe those who are in want of clothing so as to enable the poor to hear the Gospel preached to them.

Another instance this moment occurs to me. There was a fire a short time since, when the dwellings of many of the poor were consumed. A missionary came to me and asked me for a coat or any old clothes, as the poor had fled almost naked out of their dwellings. I gave him a coat. A short time afterwards, returning from church, he pointed out a man to me and said, "That man has on the coat you gave." He was an infidel; he is now returning from the services of the church. He has been so deeply impressed with the truths he heard that he called upon his aged mother, and poured out his heart in prayer to God with her. I trust that gentlemen and ministers will turn out of their closets the hats and other garments that can be parted with, so that men may be led to "come to Jesus, sit at his feet, clothed, and in their right mind."

AN OLD MINISTER.

The Children's Gallery.

THE DESTITUTE BOY BECOMES A NOBLEMAN.

PARMENTIER, THE CHEMIST.

IN the middle of the last century there lived in the little town of Montdidier, France, an apothecary, by name Master Lombard, and by report a miser.

Everybody said Master Lombard was rich, and though what everybody says is not always true, it was true in this instance. Lombard was rich, but he lived like a beggar. He spent very little, and he gave away nothing. He lent money on good security, but he never lent any of it to the Lord by giving it to the poor—never accepted the security of that Bible assurance that those who do so shall be amply repaid. No: Master Lombard cared only for money; lent only that he might make more money. For this he denied himself decent clothes, or wholesome food, or comfortable lodging. It was meat and drink, he said, to him to look at his golden louis, to hear their true ring of metal, to count them up as if they were so many friends or children, and to relish the thought of what he could do with his money if he chose. He never read—or reading, only scorned the solemn words, "Your riches are corrupted. . . . Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days."

One snowy night, when Lombard had closed his shop, and was sitting in his back parlour over the smallest scrap of fire, and was eating a dry crust, there was a knocking at the outer door.

Old Lombard kept no servant, and neither had friend nor child beneath his roof; no one came to see him except on business, for, as you may imagine, he was not a man given to hospitality. When the knock was heard at the door, therefore, he knew very well it must be either an idle trick of some foolish boy to annoy him, or a customer, and being economical of his own trouble as well as of everything else, he waited for the stranger to knock again.

"If it is only a mischievous boy," he said, "he'll not venture to knock twice; if it is a customer he is sure to do so."

The knock was repeated, and old Lombard rose, and passing through his shop, unbarred and unbolted the outer door, and looked out straight before him into the snowy street. He saw

nothing, and was about to shut the door again, with an angry word, when a child's voice arrested his attention.

"Please you, good Master Lombard, it is me."

"Me!" said old Lombard, suddenly darting upon a small boy, who stood shivering on the snowy door-step; "and who is me that he dare disturb a quiet trader? Who says I never give to those who want? Tell them they speak false; you wanted a thrashing, and I gave you that. Come here!" He seized the boy by the ear, but the lad struggled and released himself, saying,

"I did not come to play a trick on you, Master Lombard, but to ask you to make up some medicine for my mother."

"Medicine for my mother!" Lombard repeated in a mocking voice. "And is my mother ill? High living is too much for her; let her try meagre soup, or no soup at all!"

"Please you, Master Lombard, my mother is dying partly for want of food —you know she is very poor—partly for want of medicine; but this paper tells us what is sure to do for her all that medicine can do. It is in Latin, but you know all about it."

"Come in," said Lombard, and the boy followed him. He closed the door, went behind the counter, put on his spectacles, and stooping down over a bit of lighted candle, read the paper which the boy had given him.

The boy watched the old man's face anxiously as he read, and when he ceased, asked was it a good remedy for such and such complaints, detailing his mother's ailments.

"Yes," said old Lombard, "the remedy is excellent, but it is dear; it would cost a golden piece."

"A golden piece!" cried the poor child in alarm. "Oh, what shall I do! I have but seven sous!"

"I don't know what you are to do, except take yourself out of my shop as quickly as may be."

"Oh, Master Lombard, you know that ever since my father's death, sickness and distress have been in our house, and now my mother is dying!"

"That is no affair of mine," old Lombard answered; "people who have no money are best out of the world."

"I implore you," cried the boy, "send me not away without the medicine. For God's sake, do this charity, and God will reward you!"

"I tell you," said old Lombard, "I will do no such thing. Money will buy medicine in this shop. Nothing for nothing; those are my terms."

"Give me the medicine," said the distracted boy, as the thought of his poor suffering mother pressed itself on him, and almost broke his heart.

"Oh, good Master Lombard, I will be your servant—your slave. I will eat little, I will work much. I will do anything, suffer anything, if you will help me now!"

Old Lombard seemed to hesitate; he was rather surprised at the boy's vehemence: he knew him to be sharp and honest, and it occurred to him that it might not be a bad speculation to close with the boy's bargain. Therefore he felt a little inclined to listen and see if it would not, after all, be more to his purpose to take the boy's services in payment for the medicine than hard cash. The boy was not slow to perceive a slight change in his favour, and lost no time to urge his request for the supply of the medicine on any terms, to save a dying mother. And so earnestly did he plead for medicine and give his services as payment, that even old Lombard felt he spoke the truth. He made up the prescription, said he would come round and look at the patient, and that he would take the boy into his service. With warm gratitude the boy thanked him, and hastened to the bedside of his mother; while old Lombard returned to his scrap of fire and thought over his bargain. "I must have a boy to help me," so he said. "I can hire this boy for a tenth of what I must give to another; I can feed him sparely, work

him hard—umph—I might have done worse." So with this reflection he put out his candle, and went to bed in the dark.

By the bedside of his mother the boy watched all through the night; and as the grey dawn appeared, saw—and his heart leaped at the sight—his mother open her eyes, and heard her speak to him. She was better: the medicine had done its work. How grieved, and yet how grateful was she when she heard of her boy's bargain! She was sorry that he would have so hard a master, pleased that he had accepted the service for her sake; and when she was well again, and he was to begin his duties in old Lombard's shop, she threw her arms about his neck and assured him that God would prosper a son who so honoured and loved his mother.

And was it so? Oh, yes; the work was very hard, the food was bad and scanty: a kind man would not lodge a dog as that boy was lodged—but he prospered. He was a studious, clever boy, and in that chemist's shop he learned enough to make him wish for wider information. He was so civil and obliging that Lombard's customers increased, so industrious and painstaking that even old Lombard was satisfied; and all the while he was cheering his dear mother's heart by telling her what he meant to do when he was a man. God prospered him. He was blessed with a good mother, and he remembered the words of Solomon: "My son . . . forsake not the law of thy mother: when thou goest it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; when thou wakest it shall talk with thee."

Years passed, and the boy became a man, and found that "a good name was rather to be chosen than great riches." While everybody despised the rich miser, they esteemed the poor young doctor; who, in course of time, became one of the most celebrated men in Europe. He was appointed Inspector-General of Health, was loaded with honours, and received a patent of nobility. The poor boy was none other than Parmentier, the chemist.

THE BEGGAR'S LIVERY.

The best way in which a man can beg is in rags. When I lived in London a man called on me in rags asking charity. I gave him a pair of old shoes and coat; and, after he had put them on, I thought, "that poor fellow, I dare say, will lose a good deal through me this day if he tries to beg in those clothes." However, I watched him, and soon discovered that he was wiser than I thought he was, for he took off the shoes and put them in a bag behind him; he put on his almost soleless shoes, and his ragged things again, because they were the best livery he could wear.

There is no livery like rags for a beggar, and no livery like a sense of need for a sinner. If you would be saved go to Christ as you are; do not be dressing or smarting yourself up. Away! away to the cross; all you may do to recommend yourself will be only making bad worse; go then to Jesus, for none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

Correspondence.

SPECIAL CONSTABLES AT RAGGED SCHOOLS: A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

Sir,—I cannot but concur in the statements of Mr. Miller as to the evils involved in the withdrawal of the police from our larger Ragged Sunday Night

Schools. Surely their services—paid for by the local committees, be it remembered—ought to be as readily accorded to Ragged Schools, as to theatres and balls; from which haunts of vice or folly they have not been withdrawn. Ragged Schools are regarded on all hands, even by those who ignore the religious element, as of great public utility; for the great diminution in juvenile crime, to say nothing of the thousands of "roughs" who are now creditably filling their appointed stations in society, are facts too obvious to be gainsayed by their bitterest enemies. This being the case, it does seem, to say the least, not very gracious to force upon Ragged School teachers the task of taming out-door roughs in addition to those in-door duties which are usually sufficiently arduous to task their utmost energies. If we work steadily for the public good inside, surely it is not too much for us to expect to be protected by the public from the roughs outside. For example, on recently visiting the Ragged School in Marigold Street, East Bermondsey, I found several male teachers covered with mud by a mob of boys outside. This amusement they varied by drumming at the door, and by sounds which were neither sweet nor describable. Inside, the order was that of a model school.

Now it is for out-door roughs alone that the services of the police are required; for he must be but a sorry superintendent who, with a proper staff of teachers, cannot preserve order inside. Yet, after all, the paucity of teachers, or the late attendance of too many, is no slight cause of the noise made by lads outside the school. For when boys seek for admittance, and are excluded, not through want of space but from lack of teachers, it can scarcely cause any surprise that they exhaust their superfluous energies in drumming at the door, and in bawling out, "Let us in, teacher!" For example, at two out of three Sunday Night Schools that I visited last month, I found large groups of lads waiting outside after school had begun, simply because some of the teachers had not remembered that there is such a thing as "military time." As these poor lads could not be admitted, is it any wonder that they should, so to speak, have extemporised a *Devil's School* outside? Let us then, before we complain too much of the noisy groups outside, see whether we cannot by early attendance entice them into our classes, and so gradually break them in.

But, in order to remedy this evil in the few Sunday Schools—and, happily, very few they are—where the police are required, I would suggest that some stalwart labourer be engaged, and sworn in as a special constable. On no pretext should he be stationed *inside* the school. From private information, I have reason to believe that the police authorities would readily grant this privilege. If the mere sight of a uniform has a salutary effect, the person so employed might wear an over-coat with "Special Constable" embroidered on the collar. Such a man, so clad, I once observed stationed outside Field Lane Ragged School; and he seemed to be regarded with as much respect by the wild tribes congregated outside, as if he had been one of the "A Division of Police."

By this plan, the cost of which would be small, these crying evils would not only be repressed, but well-conducted scholars would be protected when they left the school. At the same time, the public would see that the energy which rules so well inside the Ragged School, is not to be baffled by those outside who wilfully occupy "the seat of the scornful."

As the winter session—the very hardest time of Ragged School workers—approaches, this is the opportune time to test this suggestion in schools where

such aid is considered to be desirable. Yet, at the same time, I fear that the evil will not be remedied so long as hundreds of scholars are kept out of school every Sunday night because teachers are—*where?* For desirable as special constables may be under given circumstances, I still have more faith in the Gospel as a rough-tamer than in the staff of the constable. Verily, the best place to subdue the roughs of London is inside the Ragged School, and outside its walls the very worst.

I am, &c.,

Q IN THE CORNER.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS AND RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the Ragged School Union Magazine.

SIR,—As a friend to the above Associations when properly managed, I had hoped that the painful statements made by Lord Shaftesbury at the last annual meeting of the Ragged School Union would have been proved before this time to have been based on wrong information. But, after attentively perusing the reply of "S in the Sunshine" to your correspondent "Q in the Corner," I am constrained to say that the counsel retained for the defence has not only failed to rebut these charges, but has amply proved thath is Association, at least, is of little service either to Sunday or to Ragged Schools. Hence I think it would become him before he again implies that Lord Shaftesbury—for he, in fact, and not "Q" is the *real* culprit—has been guilty of exaggeration, to ponder the text, "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him."

It is above four months since Lord Shaftesbury stated that Young Men's Christian Associations were not so active in Christ's vineyard as he had anticipated at the outset of their career. Had this painful statement been based on erroneous data we may presume that this assertion would have been at once rebutted by their managers. But what do we gather from "S's" defence after an interval of four months? that, of 89 members selected out of an association probably numbering 500 members, only 68 are engaged in any direct work of Christian usefulness. Thus it appears that even of the small number of picked members, 21 are avowedly idlers in the Lord's work-field; whilst it seems that 10 out of the remaining 68 are so indefinitely employed that their special work can only be expressed by the intangible phrase, "other work in connection with churches;" in other words, in anything or nothing.

But, as I understand Lord Shaftesbury's charge mildly endorsed by "Q in the Corner," it is this, namely, that the members of Christian Young Men's Associations do not give that personal aid to Sunday or Ragged Schools which their present exigences demand. The word "exigences" is employed advisedly; for only last month I found a large number of children kept out of one Ragged Sunday School for want of teachers, whilst in another, in the same district, nine large classes were without teachers. Now, we have a right to ask what is "S's" society doing to meet the spiritual claims of the juvenile outcasts and destitute

ones of this great city? We shall see from his own words what the majority are doing, or rather not doing; for, according to "S's" account of his 89 *picked* members—the very cream, it may be presumed, of the Association—only 28 are professedly engaged as Sunday School teachers. Small as is this number, still fewer are enrolled as Ragged School teachers. For it appears that of his 89 picked members, only 13 (!) are occupied in casting the Gospel drag-net among the festering dens of London. If, therefore, any evidence were required to prove that "S's" Association at least does not contribute its fair quota to Ragged Schools, it would only be needful to cite "S" as a witness to ensure its condemnation. And yet "S" castigates "Q in the Corner" for merely stating what he himself reports, but without expressing any regret; thereby proving the truth of the ancient word, "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

"S" intimates that the Bible-classes of his Association have "frequently supplied" Ragged Schools with teachers. Seeing that these associations have existed eighteen years it would have been strange had this not been the case; for even out of the London Ragged Schools have sprung 171 earnest teachers. But what we want to know is this, and we ask for a direct answer, How many members of Christian Young Men's Associations are regular *teachers*, not merely address-givers, in London Ragged Schools? Surely, from the means apparently at "S's" command he could at once take and publish the results of such a census. Glad should I be if it were thereby proved that by some strange ocular illusion, "Q" had mistaken "sunshine" for gloom; but till then we must consider "S's" sunshine to savour of the false glistening of the mirage.

Now that Lord Shaftesbury has "blown an alarm in Zion," I trust that the members of our various Christian Young Men's Associations will not permit mistaken friends to palliate those short-comings which deeply grieve their real friends, but will rather be stimulated thereby to devote their energies to the blessed work of Sunday School or Ragged School teaching. That open-air or in-door preaching to which so many are devoted, I should be the last to decry; nay, if the Holy Ghost has given that special gift woe be to him who neglects it. Yet I cannot but think that the recent tendency on the part of so many "novices" (see 1 Tim. iii. 6) to become public speakers rather than class-teachers is an unmistakable sign that the visible Church is in a morbid condition. For just at the very moment that open-air preaching has become so popular with young Christians as to absorb their energies, our Sunday and Ragged Schools have been grieving over the decline in the number of voluntary teachers. Now it is this earnest, patient, praying teacher, and not the ready or loud public talker, who builds the temple of the Lord. Nor can I think that, whilst Christ says, "Feed my lambs," attendance at Bible-classes or at open-air services can be accepted as a valid plea for disobedience to the Lord's *direct* command. Obedience is the sole means, as well as the test, of all true spiritual growth, whether it be of the members of Christian Young Men's Associations, or of believers of more matured piety.

These inferences may be incorrect, but until that fact is proved by Bible evidence, I shall continue to believe that those who by teaching in Ragged Schools deem that thereby they not only comply with Christ's law, but meet a crying want of the age, are

NOT IN THE DARK.

Notice of Meeting.

READING.

On Tuesday evening, 14th October, a meeting was held in the Town Hall, in connection with the Coley District Sunday and Week Evening Ragged Scools. James Boorne, Esq., Ex-Mayor, presided.

Mr. Welsman read the report, which stated that the schools were opened in October, 1859, under the auspices of the Castle Street Young Men's Association, who rented two small rooms, which contained twenty-five in each, when inconveniently crowded; in that condition they wrought on for twelve months; but having so little room, they had great difficulty in getting the scholars properly into classes. Mr. Alderman Exall, seeing the good that was attempted to be done, fitted up two large and lofty rooms entirely at his own expense, free from all rent charge, and put them at the disposal of the Committee, which were thankfully received; desks being fitted up in the boys' room capable of accommodating from forty to fifty boys. A week evening school was started, when a large number of boys availed themselves of the facilities offered; and the Committee had pleasure in being able to report that their progress has been very good, both in writing and arithmetic. An evening school is also established for girls, teaching them the same branches, including needlework. There are now 120 scholars on the books; and the average attendance has been, for the last year, thirty-three boys and thirty-six girls. The Sunday Schools meet afternoon and evening, and the scholars are very attentive, a marked improvement being observed since the commencement of the schools in 1859. Those who know the district, affirm that swearing and bad language, formerly so much used in that locality, is to a great extent given up. There was a penny bank established last winter, in connection with the schools; and the Committee are just about establishing a Band of Hope, knowing as they do that *drink* is the great curse in that locality, as it is in every district where the destitute and vicious classes abound.

It is the aim of the Committee to have a paid teacher for the winter months, as the regular staff of teachers are all engaged in business, and they cannot do the justice to week evening teaching that is required. The schools being entirely free from any sect or party, all holding the great truths of our common faith were asked to assist. As no proselytizing process is attempted, but to teach the Bible, and only the Bible, being their sole aim—prominence being given to its great cardinal truths—the Committee asked the assistance of the public to eradicate one plague spot from their midst, relying on God to give the blessing.

The meeting was effectively addressed by Joseph Payne, Esq., Alderman Exall, and by Messrs. Norrish, Barber, Colebrook, and Strachan.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION,

ESTABLISHED FOR THE SUPPORT OF

FREE SCHOOLS FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR.

OFFICE—1, EXETER HALL.

PRESIDENT.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.
TREASURER.—R. C. L. BEVAN, Esq., Lombard Street, E.C.
HON. SEC.—MR. W. LOCKE. HON. SOLICITOR.—E. JENNINGS, Esq.
SECRETARY.—MR. JOSEPH G. GENT, 1, Exeter Hall, W.C.
COLLECTOR.—MR. WILLIAM F. BLAKE, 11, Blenheim Villas, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.
BANKERS.—MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN, & CO., 54, Lombard Street.

The following Contributions have been received in aid of the Ragged School Union from the 20th of September, 1862, to the 20th of October, 1862.

General Fund.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A. B.	0	10	0	Howard, Lady F.	1	1	0
Anderdon, J. H., Esq.	10	0	0	J. L.	0	5	0
Atkinson, E., Esq.	5	0	0	Jupp, Richard, Esq.	2	2	0
Aylmer, Lieut.-Col. F.	1	1	0	Kemble, Mrs. V.	10	10	0
B. F.	5	0	0	Lumsden, Miss	1	0	0
Burton, Miss.	0	2	6	Mackness, Mrs., and friends	0	12	6
Chitty, legacy of the late Miss Charlotte, per Alderman Carden, George Wray, and Edwin Jones, Esqrs.	300	0	0	Magor, Mrs.	1	0	0
				Matthew, James, Esq.	1	1	0
				Minton, Rev. S.	0	10	0
Clack, Mr.	1	1	0	Minton, Miss	1	1	0
Dewshurst, Mrs.	0	14	4	First Fruits	0	10	6
Dolben, Miss	2	0	0	Newton, Mrs.	1	0	0
Ducie, Earl of	5	0	0	Oates, Miss	0	5	0
Eastwick, Capt. J.	5	5	0	Oates, Miss M.	0	10	0
E. E.	1	0	0	Port, Mrs.	1	0	0
Ellis, Thomas, Esq.	0	10	0	Reade, Mrs.	0	10	0
Field, Major J.	2	0	0	Randell, Messrs.	1	1	0
Field, J., Esq.	1	1	0	Smith, Mrs. C. L.	1	0	0
Friend, A, per Mr. Circuit	1	10	0	Stunt, Mrs. G.	0	5	0
Goldingham, M., Esq.	5	0	0	Teeson, Rev. J.	5	0	0
Hall, Ann	0	5	0	Thackeray, Miss	5	0	0
Hamilton, Miss	1	1	0	Thankoffering from Hastings	2	0	0
Henvaux, Mrs.	1	1	0	Turner, Mr. C.	1	1	0
Hinchleffe, J., Esq.	2	2	0	Williams, W., Esq.	1	1	0
Horner, Leonard, Esq.	2	2	0	Woolley, G. B., Esq.	1	1	0

Emigration Fund.

Clack, Mr.	0	10	6

Refuge Fund.

Clack, Mr.	0	10	6	Newton, Mrs.	1	1	0

School Fund.

Field Lane.				*Pell Street.*			
Carlile, The Misses	1	1	0	M. F.	1	0	0
J. H. B.	0	10	0				

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